BALA-BHARATA or YOUNG INDIA

ARISE, AWAKE AND STOP NOT TILL THE GOAL IS REACHED :—
VIVEKANANDA.

KUNDALINI
OF
NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

Vol. I | JANUARY, 1908. | No. 3.

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Printed by G. C. Loganadham & Bros., at the Guardian Press, Mount Road, Madras.

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Contemporary Opinions.

All those who have got the interests of India at heart, not only among our people, but among the thoughtful English administrators like Lord Minto and others, are agreed on the fact that the Swadeshi movement is an agency, which, if truly understood and rightly conducted, will prove the sure means of India's industrial, social, and political salvation. The Swadeshi has offered a common platform for all the sects and creeds of the Indian people, and promises to be the nucleus on which to build the Indian Nationality. A great triumphant movement like this should, of course, be based on deep spiritual foundations and the recognition of those foundations is bound to be of immense strength and service to the movement itself.

The *Bala Bharata*, a monthly journal, recently started in Madras, has the commendable object of steadily keeping before the public view the above mentioned recognition of the deeper basis of the great movement which has come to be the saviour of this ancient land. It also aims at bringing about a united Indian Nationality based upon character and common duties and desires a revival of ancient character rather than ancient customs and superstitions. It says, "we desire to revive, not the ancient forms and appearances, but the *ancient virtues, the ancient character, the ancient Dharma.* We want to revive the qualities of fearlessness, self-denial for public good, self-sacrifice, love of country etc."

The first number before us presents satisfactory indications that the conductors of the journal are well-fitted to execute the noble mission they have set before themselves. It contains several articles of interest and literary value.

We hope that the *Bala Bharata* will insist on the betterment of Indian Womanhood, in all aspects, as there can be no true nationality, so long as India's women do not gain more influence than they now possess, on the modelling of national life and activities. The achievement of national possibilities can only be in proportion to the scope allowed to the possibilities for the motherhood of the nation to develop themselves. The *Bala Bharata* will also do well to dwell on the ancient Indian ideals of womanhood, which the country has now forgotten to its great disadvantage.

The Indian Ladies, Magazine.

We extend a cordial welcome to the *Bala Bharata or Young India*. This is a bright Monthly published in Madras, the first number of which was published on the Deepavali Day, the 4th instant. The object of the Monthly which is quite praiseworthy is thus described :— "The application of the Vedantic thought and ideal to all departments of national life and achievement, was, is, and ever will be the keynote of our service to the motherland." A journal with such splendid objects cannot but be highly useful in developing our nationality on true national lines. The contents of the first number before us are very varied and interesting. The significance of the Deepavali Day is brought out clearly in the article on "Our Birthday." A short but pithy note on "the National Revival" characterises our present need as not one of the improvement or reform but of revival. "The Vedantin's Attitude towards Evil" is the next interesting article. Mr. C. V. Swaminatha Aiyar writes on "Our Mission on Earth." Other articles of general interest are "Mutual Distrust," "Nationalism and Spirituality," and "Thought on National Education" by C. V. S. The editorial notes cover a variety of subjects, and the views advocated are sound and informing.—

The Hindu.

Bala-Bharata or Young India is the monthly Magazine published by patriotic gentlemen in Mylapore, Madras. It is intended to awaken young Indians to a sense of their duty to their motherland. The articles are very well written. They are calculated to create in the minds of young men an intense love of their country. It has already hoisted the banner of love among the sons and daughters in India irrespective of caste, colour or creed. The Vedantic articles are very well-considered and true. There are Vedantins in India who care more for their salvation than for the salvations of their Indian brothers and sisters. That is not the Vedanta of the Editors of this patriotic journal. The Vedanta of "Bala-Bharata" is the material, moral and spiritual salvation of every Indian Prince or peasant, Hindu, Mahomedan, Brahmin or Pariah. Adwiatism is taught not that irrational Adwaitism which makes a material difference between man and man, woman and woman according to the distinctions of caste, colour or creed but that higher Adwaitism which looks upon the creater, preserver and destroyer of everything that we see as the supreme God and all the people on earth, Princes or peasants, whites or blacks, as children between whom he makes no difference. The highest spirit of cosmopolitanism is found bristling in every para and the highest form of patriotism is found illustrated in every biographical sketch.

The Mysore Herald

(Other kind notices of our journal by our contemporaries we reserve to the next issue for want of space this time.—*Ed. B. B.*)

Misrule in Congo.

The misrule of Congo is a striking commentary on the boasted civilization of Europe. A form of slavery is said to exist there which is capable of calling forth the ghost of Wilberforce to raise its warning finger against the atrocities committed by the Belgians. And the pitiable condition of the natives is to be soon perpetuated by the annexation of Congo. A movement is on foot to prevent any such annexation in all the States of Europe, and public opinion in England and other countries is said

(*Continued in Page 3 of the Cover.*)

A BHARATA

OR

YOUNG INDIA.

A Monthly Organ of Indian National Regeneration.

Arise, Awake, and Stop not till the Goal is reached.—Vivekananda.

Vol. 1. No. 3. — JANUARY, 1908. — Subs. Re. 1-8 per annum. Foreign. 3s

THE WILL IS ALMIGHTY.

What we want is character, strengthening this will and not weakening it.

(A FORGOTTEN TRUTH UNEARTHED BY SWAMI VIVEKANANDA)

The will is almighty. If it is almighty you will say, why cannot I do many things? But you are thinking only of your little self. Look back on yourselves from the state of the amæba to the human being; who made all that? Your own will. Can you deny then that it is almighty? That which has made you come up so high can make you go higher still. *What we want is character, strengthening this will, and not weakening it.*

If I teach you, therefore, that your nature is evil, and tell you to go [illegible] in sackcloth and ashes and weep your lives out, because you made certain steps, [illegible] help you, but will weaken you all the more, and I shall be showing you the road [illegible] evil than good. If this room were full of darkness for thousands of years and yo[illegible] in and begin to weep and wail "Oh, the darkness," will the darkness [illegible] Bring the light in, strike a match and light comes in a moment. So what good wil[illegible] you to think all your lives "Oh, I have done evil, I have made many mistakes?" It r[illegible] no ghost to tell us that! Bring in the light and the evil goes in a moment. *Strength[illegible] real nature, build up yourselves the effulgent, the resplendent, the ever pure, call that up in every [illegible] that you see.* I wish that every one of us had come to such a state that even when we see the vilest of human beings we could see the real Self within, and instead of condemning, say "Rise, thou effulgent one, rise thou who are always pure, rise thou birthless and deathless, rise almighty, and manifest your true nature. These little manifestations do not befit thee." This is the highest prayer that the Advaita teaches. This is the one prayer, to remember our nature, the God who is always within us, thinking of Him always as the Infinite, the Almighty, the ever good, the ever beneficient, the selfless, bereft of all this little self, little limitations, and because that nature is selfless, it is strong and fearless, *only to selfishness comes fear.* He who has nothing to desire for himself whom does he fear, what can frighten him? What fear has death for him? What fear has evil for him? So we must think, if we are Advaitists, that we are dead and gone from this moment. The old Mr., Mrs. or Miss So-and-So is gone, mere superstition, and what remains is the ever pure, the ever strong, the almighty, the all-knowing—that remains for us, and then all fear has vanished from us. Who can injure us, the omnipresent? Thus all weakness has vanished from us, and our only work is to *rouse this knowledge in our fellow beings.* We see that they too are the same pure self, only they do not know it; we must teach them, we must help them to rouse up the infinite nature in each. This is what I feel is absolutely necessary over the whole world. These doctrines are old, older than many mountains possibly. All truth is eternal. Truth is nobody's property; no race, no individual can lay claim to truth. Truth is the nature of all souls. Who lays any special claim to it? But it has to be made practical, to be made simple, for the highest truths are the simplest of all. It must be made thoroughly simple, so that it may penetrate every pore of human society, that it may become the property of the highest intellects and the commonest minds; of the child, the woman, and the man at the same time. All these ratiocinations of logic, all these bundles of metaphysics, all these theologies and ceremonies, may have been good in their own time, but let us try to make things simpler and bring about the golden days when every man is a worshipper, and the Reality in every man is the object of worship.

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.nanda the real Pioneer of the New Movement.

BY M. M. G.

The New Movement had its genesis in the .tterances of Swami Vivekananda who urged on his countrymen to "revive the whole of India" by "entering into the life of every race inside India and outside India," thus making it the ideal nation. He reminded them of their "unique mission in the evolution of spiritual humanity." To accomplish this he recommended National Education, Organisation of National Life and Swadeshi-Boycott, exhorted them to cultivate "strength" in all spheres of life whether spiritual or moral, intellectual or physical. He it was who first ...ly brought before the Indian Public ...n the "psychological problem" of ...ons of people being ruled for the ... thousand years by any and every ... of friends who chose to work over our ... bodies." He attributed this to ...ism" and to remove it he asked us "to ...e light and life of the Vedanta to every ...d rouse up the divinity that is hidden within every soul. He strenuously bade us apply the principles of the Vedanta to solve our political, social, and economic problems. He emphatically said, "You may make thousands of societies, twenty thousand political assemblages, fifty thousand institutions. These will be of no use until there is that sympathy, that love, that heart, that thinks for all, until Buddha's heart comes once more into India, *until the words of Lord Krishna are brought to ...eir political use, there is no hope for us.*" He ...orbade us from attributing our National ...egeneration to any outside influence and ...sked us: "Stand up, be bold, and take the ...lame on your own shoulders. Do not go ...bout throwing mud at others; for all the ...ults you suffer, you are the sole and only ...ause." In short he urged on his countrymen ...o play the part of "men" and to pray day and ...ight, "Thou Lord, thou Mother of the universe, ...ouchsafe manliness unto me,—Thou Mother ...f strength, take away my unmanliness and ...*e me Man.*"

These ideas initiated by him on the thought-...'ane ten years ago crystallised themselves into the New Movement which swept over the whole of Northern India attracting adherents everywhere ...nd having for its best exponents, Babu Bepin Chandra Pal of the Brahmasamaj, Lala Lajpatrai of the Aryasamaj and Srijut Balgangadhar Tilak of the Orthodox Party.

[*In our next issue we mean to give a short sketch of the Life of Swami Vivekananda as the Father of the new Movement.—Ed. B. B.*]

The Spiritual Basis of the New Movement.

There is a misapprehension in the minds of many that Srijut B. C. Pal does not recognise the spiritual basis of this new movement. Here is what he says, regarding this new movement, in his preface to the "New Spirit." "Every large human movement, essentially a movement of thought, has, whether consciously or unconsciously, some philosophy of Life behind it. This new National Movement in India is essentially a spiritual movement. To regard it as either a mere economic or political movement is to misunderstand it altogether. The Philosophy that stands behind it is the Philosophy of the Absolute, the Philosophy of Brahman,—the Vedanta Philosophy, as applied to the interpretation of man's social and civic life. It looks upon man as the spirit of God incarnated, and views social and civic institutions as instruments and vehicles for the progressive revelation and realisation of God in and through man."

Who are slaves?

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they need must shrink;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Lowell

The Year 1907.

The year that has just come to a close will be ever remembered in India as the beginning of a new era, the era of Sacrifice.

That year was the first to find the Indian people, performing expiations for the sins and pollutions of a long, too long-period of national lethargy, selfishness, dependence and littleness.

It was in 1907, that the spell of *Maya*, the illusion that a people can be peaceful and prosperous and at the same time, weak and dependent, was broken finally, once and for ever. Great martyrs and heroes are of course, destined to illumine the firmament of our future history—men and women, before the glorious splendour of whose sacrificial lustre our small sacrifices will be only as the faint light of twinkling little stars, scarcely visible to the human eye ; but the credit of first putting forth stars on a sky, which was till then, filled with dense, dark, ugly clouds, and chilling storms, belong to the year 1907.

There is hope for the country where men can be found to face the terrors of persecution, imprisonment and exile for the sake of their convictions, whatever those convictions may be, and that hope was first generated in modern India in the wonderful year that has just died away, but whose achievements bid fair to remain immortal. The year of the exile of Lajput and Ajit, the memorable declaration of Brahmabandhava, the cheerful sacrifice of Bipin Chandra, the incarceration which was received with a sacred smile by Vivekananda's brother–the pure Bhupendra–is certainly worthy of our deepest veneration and truest love.

The creed of self-help, almost forgotten and considered useless by a number of previous generations received a firm foot-hold in our country in the last year. In 1907 again, was true Swadeshi, as honest as you please, established on a firm, solid ground–the ground of suffering and sacrifice.

It was a great year, for, in it, was *Navya Bharata*—New India—visibly born and proclaimed her birth to the nations of the world. In it, was her sacred voice first heard, and her *will* understood and obeyed.

Finally, it was in that memorable year, that the great truth was first, after a long lapse of ignorance, understood by our country viz., that the ultimate problem of national life was not a social, economic or even political problem but a *spiritual one.*

Mere political agitation, economic revivals, mere re-adjustment in the social structure will not suffice, nay, can never be successfully achieved unless the heart is cleansed, petty selfishness curbed where it cannot be altogether killed, the secret of true Karma-work-understood, the real dignity of man realized. It is a spiritual Revolution that India is going to have, the battle and triumph of the higher Self against the lower self of man. This great spiritual war was inaugurated, the *Sankha-dhwani*—conch-sound of the Bhagwan—was first heard in 1907. *May that year be blessed !*

Above we have referred to the healthy feature of unselfish sacrifice exhibited by our national character, for the first time after a long and mournful interval, in the year that has just passed away. We are intensely gratified to point out an additional instance thereof mentioned in the following excerpt from the *Bande Mataram*:—

"The manner in which the Editor and Printer of the *Hitaishi* have accepted the sentence is quite worthy of Barisal. The Editor said in his statement that he had only given expression to his honest conviction. But in a subject country such a course is fraught with great danger. Patriotism is both a sin and crime under despotism, sincerity of convictions in political matters, is no virtue to a despot. The only morality he is aware of is unconditional submission to his authority and unthinking approval of all that he does. So our honest conviction in political matters is sure to land us in danger sooner or later, as the result of the *Hitaishi* trial shows, and honest political convictions must be backed up by the courage, firmness and sacrificing spirit of a true martyr,

if we are to bring about the salvation for the country by fearlessly preaching them. We now badly need martyrs of this stuff. And Durga Mohan and Ashutosh of Barisal are two such splendid additions to the list headed by Bhupendra Nath and worthily filled in by Basanta, Bramhabandhab and others. Durga Mohon was asked to purchase his release at the expense of the honour and good of his country by tendering an apology to the bureaucrats. But not only he, but his father, an old man of eighty, afflicted with the fell disease of paralysis rose above all parental weakness, never thought of himself in his last days and summarily rejected this unworthy proposal. The heroism and patriotism of this old man, no words can adequately describe. Here is an example which we hold up to all Indian fathers. The wife also has contributed her share to the inspiration of this un-alloyed martyrdom. She wrote a letter to her husband on the eve of his incarceration, which only contained words of encouragement and hope. The conduct of Durga Mohun, his old and infirm father and his young wife has advanced the cause of Nationalism by leaps and bounds. Where such nerves breathe, Liberty will ere long erect her temple. Barisal is truly the land for a Nationalist's pilgrimage.

"The Old Order Changeth Yielding Place To New."

Rejoice young Nationalist, the future is yours. Rejoice our courageous brother, you are in the vanguard of progress. The message of *Swaraj* has intoxicated you, has made you mad and where in the world has anything noble been done except through madness? You are moving in a tempestuous speed which staggers the old and over-cautious and they are crying halt; they are calling you rowdies, they are reproaching you with impertinence, they are complaining of your irreverence and lack of discipline. They cannot appreciate the fire which is consuming you. The maddening love for the Mother, the keen thirst for her glory, sobriety and calculation cannot measure, timidity and scepticism cannot follow; hence the complaint, hence the clamour, hence the cries of indignation. The child clings to its mother's breast even when life is extinct in her; it does not believe she is dead and through its faith she is sometimes brought back to life. Unbounded is the faith of the young Nationalist in the future of his country. He alone accepts every bold and patriotic suggestion for the uplifting of his country. He knows no prudence, he knows no fear. His is an enthusiasm which reeks of no difficulties, is not chilled by words of caution. The young Nationalist is dragging the whole country at the wheels of his fiery chariot, the indolent, lethargic, insincere, the men of little faith, the spiritually backward find the journey too fatiguing and are pulling back. But in this struggle between life and death, life must succeed. The older generation have played out their game, good or bad they had their day, peace is now their only concern, quiet is now their only passion. "Death, be thou my good," is their cry. Life is shocking to them. Disturbance, the break of monotony they dread above all things—the young Nationalist is impatient, the young Nationalist is impetuous, the young Nationalist is pushing. This the old cannot bear. But what has made him impatient, impetuous and pushing they never care to enquire or reflect on. The callousness to indignity which is habitual to age is foreign to youth. And now that the waters of life have been stirred and the divine spirit is moving over the face of the country, the ordinary ardour of youth has been immensely quickened. It is idle to seek to repress it. It will no longer do to cry like that philosopher in the revolutionary era of France, "Take care, do not come too near the wheel." *Bande Mataram.*

True worth is in being, not seeming:—

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good; not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.

National Representation in India.

One of the most important objections of reformers to every corrupt and autocratic form of Government is that Government is not representative of the instincts, desires and aspirations of the people over whom it is set. The invariable retort of the Government in all such cases is, "Who are you, pray? How are you more representative of the people than we, their trusted agents with ages of experience, status, utility and capability? You are a band of irresponsible men whose duty seems to be mere criticism and fault-finding, and your pretence to represent the national sentiments is as impudent as it is false."

This retort, irritating and selfish-motived as it may be, is not without a particle of truth in the majority of such instances. The very reason d'etre of Reform movements such as the Congress movement in India or the Nationalist movement in Egypt is that the people are not yet so far trained in the matter of political co-operation as to set about redressing their grievances through delegates whom they themselves have elected and bringing their will effectively to bear upon the state organization whose activities are not to their advantage or to their liking. The people in such cases have not fully realised their unity and are therefore incapable of any sort of collective influence over the state or any other thing for that matter. The body of reformers who endeavour to bring about a better condition in the affairs of such a people is evidently not a representative body unless it be in a very peculiar sense. The reformers are not elected by the people, by the ballot box or some other similar system. If they were, they would then constitute a state, not a mere association of 'agitators'. They are stray men from here and there belonging to this district or that, actuated by a common sentiment of love for the great people from whom they have sprung, of pity for the people's existing grievances and wrongs, of aspiration for the people's progress on certain lines.

Allied as they are by natural and the most sacred ties to the people, they understand by the inherent power of sympathy and blood relationship what exactly the people wants or what it would want if it had a united will and purpose. Do I not know the wants and requirements of my brother or uncle much better than a Canadian or a Laplander may be expected to? If a beloved sister of mine is afflicted with dumbness or, say, mental incoherence shall I not be able to divine her real desires with much greater precision than an unsympathetic person belonging to a different and entirely unknown family. Similar is the plea of the reformers. We may not be elected and authorised representatives, but we are as good as such 'You vested in safe and iresponsible authority' they go on, 'you may meet our programme with taunts and sneers, but all our efforts are directed more towards making the people realise their duties, rights and powers than any other thing, we appeal to the people not to you.' The reformers do not often express the above idea in words but their firm attitude unalterable both by promises and threats signifies so much.

So far, *i.e.*, as regards their attitude towards the state organisation which they want to modify or change altogether as the case may be, it is all right. But their peculiar position of unauthorized representatives and unclaimed advocates imposes upon them certain other limitations and restrictions which they are apt to forget and very often do forget in fact and thus make themselves liable to create mischief where orginally, pure good was intended. Now this situation usually happens when the result of their labours is faintly manifesting itself and the national consciousness which they have all the while been toiling to rouse begins to slightly respond to their call and exhibits signs of future realisation and activity.

If true and loyal, what the reformers should at once do is to pause, bend down their knees and reverently nurture and kindle the vague flame which shall be the unquenchable torch of the future. It is in fact similar to the position of a priest trying to invoke the presence of a

Deva on some person. The priest may use all his influence, try all his incantations and do everything in his own way on the person only so long as the Divine Presence has not decended on the latter. But immediately it has done so the priest must bow low before the person and humbly consult his wishes and desires thereafter. He cannot afford to deal with the inspired person as he was doing before the inspiration came. Rightly did Mazzini insert the following clauses in the statutes of his remarkable patriotic association called "Young Italy."

"By preaching exclusively that which it believes to be truth, the association performs a work of duty, not of usurpation. By inculcating before the hour of action by what steps the Italians must achieve their aim, by raising its flag in the sight of Italy, and calling upon all those who believe it to be the flag of national regeneration, to organise themselves beneath its folds—the association does not seek to substitute that flag for the banner of the future nation.

"When once the nation herself shall be free, and able to exercise that right of sovereignty which is hers alone, she will raise her own banner, and make known her revered and unchallenged will as to the principle and the fundamental law of her existence."

Mazzini's words will apply not only after the nation has not actually attained freedom but as soon as it has fairly commenced to feel the need of freedom. Thenceforth, leadership will mean only accurate consultation and selfless obedience and nothing more. Those who, on the other hand, turn indignantly towards the nation and exclaim "So long and so hard have we laboured for your awakening. You have just opened your eyes ; you lack the experience and wisdom that are ours by virtue of agelong toil and study. Thertore be quiet and do what we bid you do," may be good-intentioned if you please, but, certainly have done their so-called "agelong toil and study" without knowing the exact aim and purpose thereof. They will not be listned to. The mighty giant that has been awakened is too well aware of its unquestionable power and unchallengeable sovereignty to heed the meaningless warnings of its old servants who may be fit for good pensions and rewards, but no longer for active service.

As the capacity of the national volition is increasing more and more, the body of reformers should make itself more and more formally representative and putting aside its voluntary character should more and more seek for legitimate election and suffrage.

This process may introduce slight or even serious alterations in the programme of the early reformers, may even necessitate the total retirement of some of them from the field of active service, but this is the only reasonable, nay, possible procedure for the reformers to adopt. It will afford an opportunity for increased status and intensified power to the reformers, for, the humble servant of a powerful nation has a greater status and commands greater respect from the world than the advocate of a disunited, dishevelled, and aimless congeries of human beings. We cannot better conclude this note than by quoting the following words from the same illustrious Italian patriot whom we have already referred to :—

"The Nation is the Sole Sovereign"

"All power not issuing from the nation is usurped.

"Every individual who over-steps the power with which he has been invested by the nation is an unfaithful servant.

"The Nation alone possesses the inviolable right of choosing her own institutions and of improving or altering them when no longer in accordance with her wants and with the progress of the Social intellect."

Perish policy and cunning:—

Perish policy and cunning,
  Perish all that fears the light ;
Whether winning, whether losing,
  Trust in God and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
  Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, look above thee
  Trust in God and do the right.

Mumukshutwa.

OR

THE INTENSE LONGING FOR LIBERATION.

There are four essential pre-conditions SADANA CHATUSHTAYA which must be fulfilled by every man before he can, acccording to the high theosophy of the Vedanta, be considered qualified for putting himself in training for the attainment of MUKTI or final emancipation. The first of these conditions is NITHYA-ANITHYA VASTHU VIVEKA or right discrimination between the real and the non-real, —self and not-self. The second is disattachment or VAIRAGYA,—IHAMUTTHARA PHALA BHOGA VIRAGA—which is defined as the absolute renunciation of the desire for the fruits of all human endeavour, whether here or hereafter. The third is a number of mental and spiritual acquisitions, having for their common end the subjugation of the senses and the suppression of all desires described as SAMADI SHATKA-SAMPATTHI the six acquisitions such as SAMA, DAMA, UPARATI, THITHIKSHA, SAMADANA and SHRADDHA. And the fourth is MUMUKSHUTWA, or intense and irrepressible longing for salvation. The first condition may be fulfilled by mere intellection. The second may be fulfilled through sheer self-repression. The third may be fulfilled through desire for supernatural powers and influences. And though thus fulfilled, they may yet fail to lead any man to a knowledge of Brahman and the emancipation which that knowledge necessarily brings on. The most important of the four pre-conditions of the theosophy of the Vedanta is, therefore, the last,—the longing for salvation. Where this is absent, all else are of no avail.

MUMUKSHUTWA or the longing for emancipation, is also the most important pre-condition of political salvation also. This longing implies as its own pre-conditions (1) the existence of bondage, and (2) a keen sense of it. And the most disheartening feature even in those who have apparently given up this world and taken Sanyas as in the present political leadership, in India as a whole, is an almost utter absence of this sense. Our leaders are not at all conscious of their own and their country's present political bondage. They do not, notwithstanding all their ravings against the Government, really feel the utter degradation and misery of their present position in the constitution of their State. Their sense of the disabilities and disadvantages of British despotism is personal and self-regarding. They complain because they are not appointed to high offices in the administration, and the appointment of a Bengali as the Chief Justice of the Calcutta High Court, or of a Madrasi as Advocate-General in Madras, sends up a chorus of congratulations from the whole body of the Indian press, who have not as yet arisen to a perception of the elementary truth that such isolated instances of official advancement do not, and can never compensate for the serious intellectual and moral wrong which the Government of one people by another, and an alien people, always inflicts. The leader who to-day leads a most violent attack on the Government, is, therefore, found, the moment that Government admits him into its counsels or woos him with offers of honor and preferment, to support and defend it most enthusiastically. All this is due to the absence of that keen sense of bondage,—of that MUMUKSHUTWA—which is an essential pre-condition of emancipation both of individuals and nations, both in the spiritual as well as in the political planes.

And to those who are able to critically examine and analyse the present political situation in this country, this MUMUKSHUTWA, this deep and burning sense of bondage, and this earnest and unquenchable longing for salvation, must have appeared as the distinguishing feature of the New Party, labelled of late as the EXTREMISTS, by those who love their chains.

MUMUKSHUTWA implies an intense longing for emancipation. But to long for a thing, however intensely it may be, is not at once to get it. Some of our own men condemn our desire for absolute autonomy, because "we have not as yet gone

through our preliminary trainings." But how, are we to put ourselves under this training if we are not permitted to cherish a desire for the fruit thereof? Every training means restrictions, denials, renunciation of something or other which may seem immediately pleasant or profitable. And what is to furnish the incentive for submitting to these restrictions, if we are not to think of all the good and the glory that will be attained through these preliminary disciplines and training? What man can labour to earn wealth or learning if he is not permitted to think of and wish for the benefits of these? The anicent sages, perhaps, knew a little of these things, and they always said that no man can qualify himself for putting himself in training for the acquisition of divine wisdom or the attainment of salvation, unless and until he is moved by an intense and unconquerable longing for these.

On the other hand our Anglo-Indian friends are like the *Mara* of old, anxious naturally to keep us in perpetual bondage, for therein lies the selfish aggrandisement of all their race. *Mara* has always put temptations in the way of the *mumukshu* seeking to divert him from his search after Truth and Illumination. He tempted Buddha. He tempted Christ. Both had to fight and conquer him before the final illumination came, one did it under the immortal Bodhi Tree, the other in the Wilderness of the hills of Galilee. But numerous are the brood of *Mara*, their name is legion. They way-lay every individual and every nation that yearns and strives for illumination and emancipation. Many of our leaders stand face to face with *Mara* to-day; but they have so soon forgotten the teachings and the wisdom of the Tathagata that they have, on the first onslaught, laid their soul at the feet of the enemy! It is time that they take up their beads, and count the sacred mantras as of old, and say with Jesus,—"Get you gone Satan,"—when alone this nightmare will be dispelled. All India awaits the illumination of these our leaders. When will that be?

The New Spirit.

If I were a true Patriot.

Oh, how I wish I were a true patriot, sincere, unaffecting and whole-hearted.

If I were a true patriot, would not the clarion voice of Art and Prophecy have been mine, which could be an unerring and trusted guide for all my countrymen to follow?

If I were a true patriot, then I would be strong and powerful, energetic and daring, braving all hardships, smiling at all trials, my eye steadfastly reposed on the goal, and my feet coursing straight and undeviatingly towards it.

Then how free would my mind be of all the minor cares and worries of life, the troubles that darken the passing minutes and render my life confused and unsteady.

Then, wisdom and courage, the chakravakas of which when one dies the other cannot survive, would be mine so that my countrymen could never apprehend failure or defeat in any effort that I ask them to take up, any cause that I require them to fight for.

Then, I would be able to utter words which could burn into the hearts of my countrymen, reminding them of the glories of their ancients, the depths of their present fall, of the sinfulness of inactivity and the perilousness of neglecting national unity.

Then, I would be able to utter words and perform deeds that could be translated into bread for my famishing brethern, health for the plague-stricken and knowledge for the illiterate millions.

Then, I would proclaim to my countrymen that their greatest need of the hour is not an intrusive type of what they call civilization, but inoffensive, well-motived militarization.

Then, I would talk to my brethren and sisters, about the romance of the nation's industry, commerce and education, self-planned and self-directed.

I would speak to them of the Religions of self-helf and self-preservation and the infidelisms of dependence, sloth and servility.

I would sing to them of the glories of labour, of effort and of achievement.

And the infamies of cooly-ism, of self-contempt and self-debasement.

I would nerve them to great actions, great sacrifices, great risks and great triumphs.

I would lead them to a larger and purer life, and onward and onward to the great goal of freedom slowly, steadily and surely.

Oh, how I wish I were a true patriot, sincere, unaffecting and whole-hearted.

Labour is Noble.

There is an absurd idea rather too prevalent in India that manual labour is ignoble, and that a "profession" is of far higher rank and worthiness than a "trade." True nobility has ever shown itself in honouring genuine labour and in despising the pride which is too helpless to wait upon itself but needs others to provide for its daily requirements. True nobility can carry one's own books to school and feel humiliation at being attended by a "boy" for that purpose, while the spurious article is too helpless even to tie its own shoe-strings. In a country like Japan this false nobility, soon collapses outright for, "self-help" is the law of life there. And the sooner the same principle is accepted and acted on here in India the better will be for the people. And the sooner the higher castes learn that manual labour as a means of livelihood is more manly and noble than mendicancy and hanging on to others for subsistence, the sooner will the real golden age come back to this country.

A recent writer has remarked that "into public school systems of Great Britain, the United States, France and Germany, manual labour is being more and more introduced. Would that it might be the same in India ! God has given every one hands to work with. Every boy and girl should be educated and stimulated to make something or other *with his and her hands.* Scientific training educates to manual training." Tyndall says ; "I regard science as the most powerful instrument of intellectual culture." Science helps one to be inventive ; it also cultivates the eye, the ear, and the hand. So we hope that the various branches of science may receive more attention in all schools in India, government, missionary, and National or indigenous. And it will be a happy day for India when manual traning is introduced into the schools and colleges in India as in America, and when manual labour is so honoured that no one will be ashamed to work with his hands. Among the Jews it was the custom for every son to be taught a useful trade, and not to do so was considered to be a sin against God and against the child himself. It is also the custom in the Prussian Royal family. The late Emperor Frederick was a competent printer, while one of his sons is a practical carpenter. The example of Peter the Great of Russia is also in the same directon. Not only did he forge a pood of iron as a working blacksmith and buy a pair of shoes with the money he thus earned, but he spent months in an English dockyard working as a common labourer in order to be able to teach his subjects ship-building. Who now ventures to despise the Czar Peter for having thus ennobled manual labour? Two of the sons of Duke. Maximilian of Bavaria--brothers of the Empress of Austria-are to-day earning their living by their labour. The elder, prince Ludwig, is the head of a kind of hotel at Bad-Kreuth, the most ancient of Alpine health-resorts, while, the work which Karl Theodor, the younger son, is doing has already attracted no little attention in Europe. The veriest medical student whose life and bread depended upon his labour never threw himself into the study of medicine with half the ardour of this young scion of royalty. When a boy, botany and chemistry were his favorite pursuits ; and no sooner were his school days over than he undertook medicine as a serious study, attending the lectures, going through the hospitals, and, finally passing the examinations that qualified him to practice as a doctor. Nor did his work end here. Having chosen the eye as his speciality, he devoted some years to a careful study of the theories concerning the treatment of the blind. This

done, he travelled through Europe, seeking the advice and help of every oculist of special eminence in his prefession ; and it was only when he had learned from them all they could teach him that he returned to his palace at Tegern, where he established himself as a regular oculist. Any one can consult him, his door stands open to the world : the only difference between him and any other practitioner being that his rate of charges varies in direct ratio with the wealth of those who seek his aid. If he performs an operation for a rich man, the prince's fee is the same as that of any doctor of equal skill, neither more nor less: if however the patient be one of those whose means do not allow of their indulging in such expensive luxuries as great doctors, he lowers his charges to what they can afford to pay: whilst as for the poor-not merely mendicants, but officers with thirty pounds a year, civilians with perchance forty--all such as these, Duke Karl Theodor not only attends without fee, but whilst they are under his care he receives them as guests, feeding and caring for them with the most kindly thoughtfulness.

The present Prince of Wales, the son of our King Emperor, has qualified himself as a competent seaman, not only theoretically by the study of navigation in books but also practically by the daily routine of the sailor's duty on actual service. He was not spared any of the theoretical essentials but had to pass the necessary examinations in precisely the same way as do the officers who navigate ships to Bombay or Calcutta and he is now in possession of the needed diplomas of qualification. Nor was he spared any of the practical drudgery of the sailor's life in calm and in storm by night and by day. Whatever other sailors have to go through, Prince George was made to go through in precisely the same way.

Here then is a splendid example for the princes and nobles of India to follow! How many Rajahs and Princes are to day whiling away their time in the most effeminate manner for want of knowing any healthy employment of their hands and heads ! Manual labour for the future Emperor of India is no disgrace but an honour. How then can it be a disgrace for others?

—Progress.

The National Awakening And Our Line of Progress.

BY SRI C. V. SWAMINATHIAYAR.

"The old order changeth giving place to new." A new spirit has come into being. The lessons of self-reliance are being slowly but surely learnt. The spirit of self-dependence and self-help is abroad. Ideals of self-respect and self-sacrifice are leavening the minds of the masses. It may be that "the change from the old order to the new is only being accomplished through much conflict and struggle," but that is an inevitable adjunct of returning life. "Conflict and struggle" are the essential conditions of all organic growth. Without them there can be no assimilation of the principles of growth. As "an Indian friend" of a missionary gentleman who has a keen eye for the national upheaval that is going on in our midst, has well said in discussing the national problem with him: "There can be no question that the creation of a progressive spirit in the masses is the great need of the future and until that is accomplished India can never be a nation." But Western methods are not necessarily the most adapted for the progress of the East. Nations like individuals cannot leave their own lines of progress, cannot depart from their *Swadharma* and imitate another's, to make progress on other lines than their own. "In the East the Ideal is everything and advance is not made by material circumstances merely, but by personal devotion of multitudes towards the *guru* who sacrifices himself for the idea ... Our masses are not dull and unintelligent, but they are idealists and will only move in a body for an ideal ... We need to-day leaders who are living for an ideal, leaders with the spirit of self-negation carried to the extreme limits,

leaders who will make no compromise with the comforts and the luxuries of the West and who will have no other object in life than their love of country. If this ideal can be sung in story linked with old traditions, personified in national heroes of the past and lived in the present before the eyes of the common people by enthusiasts of the ascetic type: if the ideal can in this way be brought home with every religious sanction and association to the minds of the masses, then advance can be made all along the line; but otherwise reforms will be still-born ; there will be no atmosphere for them."

Whoever the Indian be who has given this candid opinion to our missionary friend, he has shown such a true grasp of the situation and such a correct understanding of our national life as to make it entitled to the highest respect of all right-thinking men. Opinions among us are judged not by the authority of the person making it, but by its conformity to certain eternal laws of being, which for want of a correspondingly simple and comprehensive word in English, we are obliged to call by its sanskrit name *Dharma*. Every subject has its own *swadharma*, the continued line of progress wherein its past, present and future meet and mingle without a hitch or stitch.

I am not here to defend every capricious act of the so-called nationalists who resort to violence as a means to establish what they consider to be their cherished Ideal, but I am not surprised at the way in which the enthusiasts of "the *Swaraj* Ideal" untinkered by foreign ideals of what is called " self-government", are ready to sacrifice much on behalf of their *cherished ideal*. Ideal-building must precede nation-building. No man thinks that in preparing a plan, say, for a huge edifice, we may be content with raising the walls and leave the question of what roof to put thereon, when we are well enough ensconced within high though bare walls: we can put up the roof as we like or as the occasion may suit when the time for it comes. That may not be an impossible plan but that is not the scientific method of preparing plans for a building that is to endure against time and tide. The "*Bengalee*" professes not to understand the necessity for quarrelling *now* over what it calls "the distinction, in practice, between two schools of thought, one of which looked upon unity as a part of the ultimate end, the other only as a means to an end." There is a vast difference between the two schools of thought and the whole line of progress will be distorted and varied according as the ultimate ideal is the one or the other. The means and the end ought never to be confounded and once in a spirit of compromise you confound the means with the end, with a view to tide over immediate difficulties on the path, one is sure to get oneself involved in a labyrinth, out of which there is sure to be no escape for a cycle of evolution, whether it concerns individuals or nations. Truth is ever uncompromising and no meddling with the ultimate ideal can ever be allowed without its re-acting on the whole course of action of the aspirant who is to realise that ideal.

In this connection I would like to dwell on the absurdity of having an "Impracticable Ideal". An Ideal that is *impracticable* may be anything of the numerous mental modifications which are infinite in its gradations, but the Ideal, the ultimate goal of realisition, the final stage *of Rest and Peace* is ever "one only without a second." It never admits of a modifying or qualifying second. Once you qualify it by *another*, then the pair start on a cycle of evolution, with "products" and "producers of their own, and there is no stopping them midway. The Ideal is the most practical of all things in existence which live and move and exert an influence on the life and growth of an Idealist. Christ was content to be crucified for Truth, but he was man enough to whip the money-changers and other sellers out of the Temple. Therefore never meddle with the ultimate Ideal which is "Perfection in Life." If you cannot realise it, you may grovel in the mire or you may be content to live in a sty of your own. But you have no right to set it up as an ideal and drag other people to your own level. Satan acquired that right at an immense sacrifice of his own and any one who

chooses to work for him may follow his example and choose to reign in another place than serve in heaven. But they cannot set up that ideal on earth and expect all men to co-operate with them in their halting hesitating progress towards the ultimate goal. Mind has a power of habituation, which makes it become that which it affects for a time. You may walk limping, thinking that once you are out of sight of the enemy you could *then* run away. But the habit grows on you and ensiaves you more than anything your enemy could have devised to arrest your progress. The ostrich-method of overcoming a danger at hand, may appear as unsurpassable wisdom to the ostrich itself; but it does not follow that the hunter will think the same of it or loose his time in admiring its wisdom.

Ideal Society.

Philosophers are continually pointing out that humanity is a macrocosm, a true individual, the Great Man, of whom, man, the lesser individual, is a miniature.

But though all things tend to centre, to unity, and the partitions and separations, are apparent and not finally real, yet it is of the utmost importance to the order of the universe, its motion and action, that all these apparent distinctions should be understood as facts and carefully respected. When we attain the ideal society it will be one in which the separate liberty of each man will be fully recognized and deferred to in every social act, yet in which each man feels his unity with all and relates to it in every private act. Not till this perfect balance and reciprocity between the individual and the society is attained, as a custom and inwoven habit, will the perfect society be attained, and where, it exists even now, between two or more individuals as an individual sovereign, supreme over his own. For the first step in creating order, anywhere, is to give each thing its place, and the full properties and powers that pertain to it, preventing at the same time interference with any other. This results invariably and everywhere in order, peace, and harmony. It is the natural law of right, that is of individual well-being and social accord. Any deviation produces disharmony and disorder.

But remember that individuality is only true centrally. The moment yon begin to insist on border lines, and define them, you will have trouble; for you are forcing into fictitious prominence something that, in nature, does not exist. But myself I am one man, and my neighbour, by himself, is another man, but when we come together and touch we are not two but one, and if this is fully perceived and acted upon there will be perfect love and harmony between us. Herein is the unshakeable strength of Christ's injunction: "Love thy neighbour as thyself." But he does not explain why, which the Vedanta does. You are to love him as yourself because he is yourself, only in another form. And if you do not respect that form you do violence to yourself as him. For all final crime is violence to self. Assert your own individuality with dignity and delight in it, and with equal pride and joy assert the individuality of your fellows. That is the true method of human association and, where followed, yields perfect peace and love. To love the neighbour more than self, as ultra-altruists urge, produces inward pain, abasement, protest; to love self most cuts off all those currents of life which would flow from him to you and feed you; to try to destroy his individuality by obliterating him, or by annexing him to yourself by force, turns those currents to virulent poison, bitterly and deadly towards you.

In other words, then, and herein is a paradox and truth most significant and far-applying; *you only attain to unity by recognizing every individuality, and every time you recognize another individuality you increase your own.*

We are each one a pulse-beat of the Great Heart. Blood of life flows in one continuous stream, but there is sound heatlh only when the pulse-beats are each one firm and distinct.

Love others because you love yourself!

Serve others by making yourself free and great, and by expressing boldly all that seeks utterance through you.

RIGHT RELATION BETWEEN SOCIETIES.

A reconciled harmony between individuality and unity, so that each has the fullest recognition co-equal with the other, we have seen to constitute the practical right in the affairs of individuals; and exactly the same constitutes the right relation between societies, which are merely individuals of one degree complexity. And affection between societies is obtained in exactly the same way as in the case of individuals, by making no overt effort towards friendship, but by sympathetically and cordially admitting and encouraging difference. If in my relations with a foreigner I speak his language, and show my familiarity with its literary treasures, if I sing his country's songs, and reveal a hearty appreciation of the many excellences of his native land, then is his heart warmed towards me, and he is equally ready to do justice to the merits of my country. For, the common sense of the matter is that societies are composed of units, and all transactions between them are conducted by units, and whatever conduct ensures harmony between men is the conduct that ensures harmony between societies of men.

The spirit of liberty expressed by justice first, and then, comes love of itself, without effort or seeking, and this is alike between single men or groups of men.

Free men are natural comrades, and just men love each other by grateful impulse. For love is the most natural and spontaneous thing in the world to all higher natures, and only injustice or unfitness prevents it, and where unfitness or injustice confronts him one cannot love, let him try as he may.

Love never comes by obeyed commands but by fulfilled condition. *Dawn-Thought.*

So from Times tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendour burst and shone,
Thermopylae and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted
The springing fire. *Shelly.*

ACC. No. 1042

Vernacular Literature.

The most sorrowful symptom of that horrible malady *viz* National self-contempt is the disregard shown to the nation's own languages and literature by the upper and middle classes of intellectual life. The traitor that is ashamed of his own nationality betrays that fact in the most mournful fashion, by his being ashamed of his mother-tongue. Those of us in the present generation who are, thanks to providential grace, beginning to take real and genuine pride in our nation and its part should therefore make it a point to acquaint themselves as far as possible with the spirit and genius of their own inherited language and culture and put forth, wherever and in whatever manner they can, their best efforts for the revival, improvement, purification and cultivation of the mother-literature. In this matter the activities of our Bengali compatriots deserve much praise and commendation. The Hindustanis and the Mahrattas also, are far from being indifferent to the development of the *Swabhashas.* The intellectuals and the literateurs of the Andhra, led by the venerable Viresalingam are striving ahead, too. We are not in a position to gauge the activities of the Canarese and some other important sections of the Indian Community in this respect.

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The Tamil people are however, in a very backward condition, and their so-called intellectual leaders seem to think that they can develope the sentiment of national unity through the agency of the English Language. Probably, they do not pause to think about the percentage of English knowing men and women among the Tamil population. They seem to imagine that by the permeation of an undigested foreign culture through the means of a foreign language is sufficient for the realisation of national possibilities. About 20 centuries Tamilian literature and thought were so highly developed as to contest the palm of excellence with the Sanskritists or any other people in the world. A poet like Kamban and a teacher of humanity like Valluvar have

found in the Tamil Language an effecient vehicle of their thoughts, dreams and heart-throbbings, but to-day, we have many a semi-educated youngman in the Tamil country who thinks that it is a hopeless task to try to cultivate his mother-tongue and would fain see Tamil altogether disappear from the land, English, French, German or Russian substituting its place. Simpletons there are or at any rate some years ago there were who believe that English is destined to become the common tongue of the population that is now speaking Tamil, and that the language of Kamban is by the very laws of nature, bound to die away in what they call the struggle for existence.

Some of the more daring-spirited prophets tell us, or were telling us, that the future language of all India will be English ! A fitting supplement to that noble political creed that India shall, to the end of time, remain a dependency of some one of the Western powers.

Our educated Countrymen should lay to heart the historical fact that there cannot be any national advancement without the advancement of the national literature and culture and take prompt measures to speedily bring about a Literary Revival. The Madura Tamil Sangam is a right move in the matter. But even that is not doing all that it can, for want of adequate support and patronage from the public which is culpably indifferent to this great enterprise.

It gives us immeasurable relief, however, to see one solitary warrior, standing dauntlessly in the field and fighting the battle of his fore-fathers with a unique zeal and courage, and winning on his venerable head the grateful blessings of the Mother. Such a warrior is Sriman Swaminatha Iyer of the Madaras Presidency College. May many others throng round his banner, ever increasing in number, ever growing in devotion, lest this great and vital portion of the National Dharma remain unfulfilled. !

Arouse man to a sense of what he is, and he will soon be what he ought.

Schelling.

Thoughts for the young.

Cowardice:—

The veriest coward upon earth
Is he who fears the world's opinion,
Who acts with reference to its will,
His conscience swayed by its dominion.

Mind is not worth a feather's weight.
That must with other minds be measured.
Self must direct, self control,
And the account in heaven be treasured.

Fear never sways a manly soul,
For honest hearts 'twas ne'er intended;
They, only they, have cause to fear,
Whose motives have their conscience offended.

That man is brave who braves the world
When o'er life's sea his bark he steereth
Who keeps the guiding star in view,
A conscience clear, which never veereth.

E. C. Harley.

Recklessness:—"Take care there, Mr Grass-hopper. I am afraid you don't see where you are going. You will get caught in that spiders web next, you know."

But he kept on jumping as carelessly as ever a grasshopper could, and never minded a word I said. Up he would go without any thought as to how or where he would come down. There was a spiders web in the tall grass just before him.

"Take care," said I, "or you will get into trouble. Dont you see that spider's web ?"

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when up he went again as needlessly as ever. A shiver in the web and a bending of the grass told the story. One of his hind-feet had caught and with an awkward curve he had come round to hang with his head downwards and his back to the web.

"There," said I, "did'nt I tell you?"

"There is only one foot caught," said he, "there are five free yet. I'll show you. Just see here;" and he turned half-way over, and gave a push with his free hind-foot. But instead of pushing his other foot free, the one he pushed with was caught, and he was worse off than ever.

"There" ! said I again.

But he interrupted me and said, in the midst of another convulsive struggle, "Wait a minute; I have four feet free yet."

But the only effect of his efforts was to get all his limbs entangled in the deceptive snare. And now was the spider's opportunity. Out he came from his hiding place and ran backward and forward over the body of his victim, spinning each time a thread that made more fruitless the desperate struggles of the grasshopper. It was but the work of a moment, and every limb of the headstrong, silly grasshopper was bound fast, and a web had been spread so thick over his head that I could not see him at all.—

This is a true story that actually happened to a grasshopper. But are not there many amongst us who are as reckless and foolish as that grasshopper on whom any amount of advice has been wasted to less purpose than on that grasshopper? Let us look into our hearts and see.

Welcome Repression!

We do not sufficiently appreciate the value of pressure in the formation of character. "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," says an inspired proverb, and it is too true when we think of the shame we, her unworthy children have brought on our Mother India, in consequence of our having been left for ourselves in indolence and by the foreign Government. And all of us are in a sense, children all our lives through. The best qualities which any of us possess have been given to us, or have been made effective in us, through some such outside or inside pressure as must have been brought to bear on a child to keep him from growing to worthlessness or going to ruin. There is nothing that any of us can do exceptionally well that we were not somehow forced into or trained into, by severe pressure. All our power of endurance—cowardly or courageous—also came to us in that way. We learned to endure by having to endure—whether we wanted or not. There is nothing we have more reason to be grateful for, than the pressure which in one way or another has been brought to bear upon us for the compacting and right hardening of our characters. Why, now-a-days they are actually making railroad car wheels out of paper; pressing pulp into a strength of resistance and endurance that even iron itself cannot equal. But for that pressure, the pulp would have remained pulp useless, unattractive mass. Because of that pressure, the compacted and solidified pulp has become a power and obtained a mission in the world. Many a strong character was only pulp to begin with; and but for a providential pressure upon it, it would have remained pulp to this day. As there is agreat deal of character-pulp amongst us which will never amount to anything unless it comes under a stronger pressure than has even been brought to bear upon it thus far. The pressure upon us in the shape of the present repressive measures is the last thing in the world we ought to think of regretting—unless indeed we want to remain pulp.

Right-Thyself:—

If thou would'st right the world,
And banish all its evils and its woes,
Make its wild places bloom,
And its drear deserts blossom as the rose,
Then right thyself.

If thou would'st turn the world,
From its long, long captivity in sin,
Restore all broken hearts,
Slay grief, and let sweet consolation in
Turn thou thyself.

If thou would'st cure the world
Of its long sickness, end its grief and pain;
Bring in all-healing joy,
And give to the afflicted rest again,
Then cure thyself.

If thou would'st wake the world
Out of its dream of death and dark'ning strife
Bring it to Love and Peace,
And Light and brightness of immortal Life,
Wake thou thyself.

James Allen.

* * *

It is in loving, not in being loved,
The heart is blessed;
It is in giving, not in seeking gifts,
We find our quest.

The Moloch of White Prestige.

(By Sri C. V. SwaminathAiyar.)

"The Moloch of White Prestige" is an insatiable God that must ever be appeased by more and more of human sacrifices. The chief God of the Phœnecians and Ammonites was satisfied with the sacrifice of the bodies merely of human beings; but the chief God of the bureaucracy in India, the "*Tinselesians*" (if you will pardon my coining a new word that fits them to the very skin) and *Mammonites*—" the Moloch of White Prestige "—is of a voracious appetite even for a Moloch, and everything by way of human affections, honour, name, chastity, integrity, character, reputation etc. is grill to the mill of its capacious maw. Why! Only the other day a grave judge and a picked jury—all of them, no doubt, "good men and true" among the '*Tinselesians*'—after a showy trial mocking Justitia herself in her own sphere of influence, sacrificed a sweet girl of seventeen, her name, fame, honour, reputation character, chastity and all, including her sweet life made bitter and festering by the inroad of brutal lust, followed by a mock trial which added insult to the injury already inflicted on her tender budding soul, to "the Moloch of White Prestige!" And now before the ink is dry from the pen that has bemoaned the loss of a sweet life, two other women are reported to have been sacrificed to what is after all "Whiteman's sport." It may be that the whiteman who sported on the lives of human beings with a live and loosely tied cheetah in his compound is officially, the local representative of her Britannic Majesty to the population of a whole district; but when a man deliberately elects to cut himself off from the society of his fellow-men,—for ruling over whom he is paid a princely salary and perquisites besides powers innumerable and arbitrary,—and chooses to associate himself openly with the wild beasts of the forest, he must be taken at his own valuation of himself, in spite of the fictitious value which a Philosophical-Radical like Mr. Morley, in a fit of bureaucratic biliousness, may choose to attribute to his representative "man on the spot."

I do not wish to be hard on Mr. Robertson, but even a heaven-born civilian must know that the meanest worm if trodden upon mercilessly *will* turn. "The Power of Will" is God-given and cannot be crushed by man even with the help of "the tiger and ape in him." The life of the poor in India may be nothing compared to the self-indulgence of a white man possessed of "tiger-qualities" and choosing to associate himself openly as is meet for him, with tigers and cheetahs. If "the ape and tiger in man" were all that there is of *Man*, then "the lordly whites" may arrogate to themselves "the tiger-qualities" in man, while their subservient admirers of the colored skin may not inaptly do *pujah* to them by "the ape-qualities" of imitative flattery. But the *real Man* is made of sterner stuff than that, and if a man *has* in him the power and might to kill "the ape and tiger in him" and succeeds in putting forth that mighty-power of the spirit for the purpose of killing the same, then he clearly stands on a higher pedestal than the man who boasts of "the tiger-qualities" of his race and threatens to exhibit them. *His* method of meeting and conquering the man with "the tiger and ape in him" may not be the same as the latter may choose to think as the only method of crushing him. Civilised man certainly is not stronger than the brute he controls over: and yet, if it comes to a hand to hand wrestling with Bruin, for instance, as I saw a *Fakir* indulge in the other day with a tame-bear he has trained to wrestle with him, it is not Bruin that will get the worst of it. So it is with the man who has "killed the ape and tiger in him" and another who cherishes them both in his human heart. The time is come now for India to show that it can show itself to be, "the master of the situation" in its own element. The Government as such, owe a duty to themselves and to the people committed to their charge; and that duty is more sacred and imperative than

the orthodox worship which "the Moloch of White Prestige" is sure to demand of them. Will the Government rise equal to the situation and show themselves to be possessed of that moral grandeur which *alone* will entitle them to the *respect* of thinking man, though they can strike fear into the hearts of the unthinking multitude by the tinsel show of military display? For a Government to call out the military or display its possession of brute force in dealing with its own subjects, is a sorry admission that they have forfeited their moral right to rule over men's hearts. This forfeiting of "the moral right to rule over one's fellow-men" is the warning which nature gives to "those who have eyes to see" to bestir themselves and prepare the people for the self Government that must inevitably come. And if "the better mind of India" takes up this work in right earnest, not all the petty trickeries of the ubiquitous press-correspondents nor the crocodile's tears of hoodwinked officials in high places, nor yet the high jinks—the alternate threats and appeals—of selfish and self-deceiving believers in personal despotism, can avail to prevent India from pursuing its path of glory in the bloodless Victories of Peace! As a matter of personal experience, I can say, and it is also in accord with the eternal law of the Mind, that those who exhibit to the most "the tiger and ape in man" and boast of their possessing those qualities in abundance are the first to slink away at the first approach of a really serious crisis. They are the greatest moral cowards in the world and nothing so easy as to win a bloodless victory over them, if you but know how to corner them. But of this we must speak only to those who are fit to receive the teaching and not "cast pearls before swine" as Jesus in the light of personal experience has warned.

"Peace hath its victories no less than war," and "the path of Peace" does not mean mere "hewing of wood and drawing of water" to eke out a miserable living just enough to keep body and soul together. It is the most arduous of Life's battles to be fought and won. And he who succeeds in it is a real Hero in every sense of the term. Let England rely on her great generals and her "devilish inventions to kill" for the glory of her Rule! We have our own Nation-Builders, whose glory is not dimmed by the glory even of the great lumminary that lights our physical path. If "Knowledge is Power" as it undoubtedly is, then the "Masters of Knowledge" are the greatest Heroes of the World. As Mr. W. T. Stead say: "Only Christs (Master-souls) can save the world." Of such we have enough and to spare. The Nation-Builders of glorious India, are to be found not among armoured knights, but among naked Ascetics—Men of great Renunciation who devote all their earthly lives to "man-making" as against "yarn-weaving." The potter-made effigies of Bhaskarananda, of Ramakrishna Deva, of Vivekananda (to mention only a few world-wide reputation) and others of that ilk are worshipped and honored in India with an enthusiasm and heart-devotion that the "Nelson-Statue" in its grand solitary majesty may well envy. The effect of hero-worship is in its power to mould human character, and judged by this test, we have no reason to be ashamed of the progress we are making. The Moloch of Prestige is already shaking to its very foundation and I, for one, will not be surprised if one of these days it comes down with a crash and reveal to the gaze of an astonished world the innumerable skeletons of ghastly shape and form, the wretched remains of wronged souls, its devoted worshippers have been assiduously offering as sacrifices at its shrine, for more than a century and a half.

Our present State—

Once I was pure as the snow, but fell—
Fell like a snow-flake, from heaven to hell,
Fell to be trampled like filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed at, be spit and beat,
Pleading, cursing, begging to die;
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.

THE NEW FAITH.

The Bande Mataram in the course of a very thoughtful article observes:—

The centre of authority has been shifted during the recent popular upheaval. The nation has become self-conscious and knows its mission, and individuals, however gifted and influential, will not be allowed to pass off their own opinions for those of the people. The real issue at stake has been revealed. All compromise is now out of the question, and freedom's battle once begun must be carried on to the bitter end. The tortures undergone by the people have been for them an initiation in the worship of liberty, and if their sufferings have been great, the energy of their rising will be equally so. They have now learnt a truth with every tear and every month of their suffering has been for them a preparation for complete redemption. Will they now tolerate men who have no faith in popular strength and who have never understood the genius of the country to trifle with their sorrows and act as their spokesmen before the alien bureaucracy? These leaders have never had sufficient insight to perceive that it is not strength but the *consciousness of strength* that we lacked in the past; and now that the struggle with opposing forces has evoked the national consciousness, it is too late to talk of compromise. Compromise here cannot be from the very nature of the case, for it is not a question of removing particular grievances and setting the machinery of government in order, but of changing our political status as a nation. Decentralization Commissions and Advisory Councils can help us no longer. Even in the midst of the din and bustle of the struggle, the people have caught a glimpse of the glorious future and they will not be easily accessible to discouragement.

The bureaucracy will not have to reckon this time with a few self-styled leaders who are only too eager to fall down and worship the idol of the hour, but with a newly awakened people to whom the political freedom of the country has been elevated to the height of a religious faith. The mist that clouded their intellect for ages has at least partially cleared away; and they have begun to feel that if only they will, they can and therefore ought to make themselves in their own country what other nations are in theirs. The political strife has assumed a religious character, and the question now before the people is whether India—the India of the holy Rishis, the India that gave birth to a Rama, a Krishna and a Buddha, the India of Sivaji and Guru Gobinda—is destined for ever to lie prostrate at the proud feet of a conqueror. Are we going to sacrifice our national destiny to the whims and interest of the foreigner or are we again to take ourselves seriously and struggle for the right to live that we may fulfil in this world our Heaven-appointed mission? It is well to state clearly the real nature of the issue, for no nation has been regenerated by a lie. Those who want liberty must buy it for themselves, and it is poor statesmanship to try to hide the real nature of the struggle by a falsehood which, after all, deceives nobody and least of all our alien lords. Plain speaking may be unpalatable and persecutions may follow, but persecutions have never yet killed a religious faith and a self-conscious India is too mighty a power to be put down by a despot's rod. Persecutions do not crush but only fortify convictions and no power on earth can exterminate the seed of liberty when it has once germinated in the blood of earnest and sincere men.

Bharati Mata

OR

THE AWAKENED NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS OF INDIA.

We have received an artistically printed picture of Bharati Mata representing the Awakened National Consciousness of India drawn by Mr. T. A. Gopinatha Rao, M.A., medallist,

Madras Fine Arts Exhibition, and issued by "The Vivekachintamani Publishing Committee," Madras, with a letter-press article on the same in Tamil reprinted from the *Vivekachintamani*. A Yogin with his symbols of renunciation, sitting on a tiger-skin, meet emblem of evil passions and "tiger-qualities" completely conquered, is kindling the holy Fire of Truth, the fire with which *Hanuman*, the Spirit of Truth, set ablaze the island of Lanka, whose *Rakshsa* King, *Ravana*, carried away and imprisoned *Sita*, the Spirit of Freedom and ill-treated "the Messenger of Rama" who came in search of her. Out of that Fire of Truth or Consciousness—*Chit-agni*—kindled and worshipped by the *Yogin* (the spiritual Man of indomitable energy and irrepressible mental powers), rises up first the Primary or *Prakasa* form, and then the secondary or *Vimarsa* form, of *Devi* the Mother the Goddess of Speech, who as the Ancient Mother of this *Vedic Land*, and again as the daughter of the mountain King *Himavan*, made this land of *Bharatavarsha* identical with herself, the *Kshetra* of Her Lord and Husband, the *Kashetrajna*. She is represented in Her Human form divine in the *Inriya* or awakened state of consciousness.

She appears to have been put to sleep in a "meaningful" hammock which we shrewdly guess is the Royal Proclamation of that Mother-hearted Queen, Victoria the Good, who on first assuming the direct sovereignty of India, solemnly plighted her Royal word before God and man and granted, what, in short, is a guarantee of the Equality, Liberty and Fraternity to India and Indians. The solemnly given Royal pledges of the good Queen "broken to the heart" as Lord Lytton said, and therefore in spirit has awakened the sleeping Queen of Ind "*Sri Maharajni*," who conscious of her own inner strength, clamly surveys, the situations making herself ready as "*Turiyambal*" to teach the Word of God, "*Tattvamasi*" to the nations of the World.

There are two trees, one having its root far in the East representing the Tree of Life (Love), or *Kadamba* tree; and another in the far-West, a single branch of which reaches far into the East and mingles with the branches of the Tree of Life. The "other tree" we surmise is the *Sal*, the tree of Passion or the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. The intermingling of the branches of the two trees over India, which in the picture, is found covered with the shadow of the Light of Grace of *Devi*, represents to our minds the mingling of the civilizations of the East and the West.

We understand that this is the first of a series of pen and ink sketches representing the Awakened National Consciousness of India and its working in and through "the better mind of India" for that "Unity in variety" that is the secret of National Unity, as it is in its purely religious aspect, the foundation Principle on which rests the adamantine Rock of Truth and the *Advaita* Religion which expounds that Truth in all its varied aspects declaring it in the end as "One only without a second"—the realisation of which by Man leads him straight to that more practical realisation of the Oneness of Humanity, and its relative expression in social life, which is the ultimate realisation of the hackneyed expression, "Equality, Liberty and Fraternity," the tripartite expression of the One Principle which is the ultimate goal of the human race *viz.*—Universal Brotherhood. We congratulate the Artist, and the Viveka Chintamani Publishing Committee on their enterprise and trust that every Indian and every well-wisher of India will possess himself of a copy, which is sold for the cheap price of one anna, and meditate on its full meaning, using it as a medium for offering his prayers of love and devotion to the Motherland, as the *Yogini* in the picture continuously does with joined hands, sweet symbol of overflowing spirit.

THE WORSHIP OF BHARATI MATA AS TURIYAMBAL:

We have also perused with pleasure a true interpretation of the Picture in Ballad form in Tamil. It answers to the description elsewhere given of the National Ideal being "sung in story linked with old traditions, and personified in national heroes of the past and lived in the present before the eyes of the common people by enthusiasts of the ascetic type," thus bringing the Ideal home with "every religious sanction and association to the minds of the masses." We trust it will be printed separately and circulated at large among the masses.

Editorial Notes.

India has to learn what is the true sphere of family feeling and conventions, of society feeling and conventions, and of political ones. All these are different. Hitherto, she has not understood these differences. We think, and here we speak tentatively, that she will best learn to understand these distinctions by the study of European History with its long story of struggle of the nation against the Church. Their church is our Samaj. By their age-long effort, they have succeeded at last in building up a political conception of the political life, its sphere, its rights, its tradifions, etc,. apart and distinct and disentangled from that of family and society.

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The object of each Samaji, Islam, Vaishnava, Saiva, Brahmin, etc, etc, should be to furnish to the civic and national life men of integrity. The objeet of each family is to train up children true to Samaj and ready to offer themselves to city and nation. The family is the school of the Samaj. The city is the school of the nation. Life is the school for sanyas. In all these the larger again re-acts upon the smaller.

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It is one of the essentials of the civic life that we must have an instinctive and habitual way of regarding men as human, capable of all nobility and greatness. We must not look either at men or women from a personal point of view. We must conceive of the Life and service of the city as a great queen and mother and we must see each life in relation of *that* ideal not to ourselves. The next essential is the preference of the public to the private good. The loyalty of the Indian workman to a strike shows what wonderful material there is here for the civic life.

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Pilgrimage is one of the duties enjoined upon all true devotees by the religious faiths of our country. Our new religion of patriotism, also preaches the above duty as one of the most important and fruitful ones. For, how can a man love his country without *seeing* it.

The task of the patriot, then, is to make this great institution of pilgrimage historical and national instead of being merely theocratic and sectarian. Every *deshabandhu* would do well to go, see and meditate upon places like Ellora, Bhilsa etc in Buddhist India, Agra, Delhi and other ones in Muhammadan India, Elephenta, Benares, Nasik, Bhuvaneshwar, Madura and other ones in Hindu India, and Chitore, Poona, Ujjain, Pataliputra, etc., in National India. We must realise that all alike are Indian India.

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We would suggest that for the above purpose, the Congress season could be most appropriately utilised. The Congress *yatra* should be considered a sacred task and should be extended to other sacred spots also, as far possible. How many of us, with our boasted conveniences of Railways and other things are living isolated lives, without seeing any of the sublimest spots on our own soil—without seeing for example, the place where Arjuna fought and Bhishma fell, the city where Shajehan's love was converted into a perennial marble dream, the forts where Shivajee lived and wrought his noble deeds and learned Benares, Asokan Patna, and too many others to be mentioned here.

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Patriots are lovers of light, inward as well as outward. Unto them we commend the following lines of James Allan, which are full of hope and promise regarding the awakening of this new national consciousness in the minds of young India.

THE DAWN OF NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

What of the night, O Watchman ! see'st thou yet,
The glimmering dawn upon the mountain heights,
The golden Herald of the Light of lights,
Are his fair feet upon the hill-tops set?
Cometh he yet to chase away the gloom,
And with it all the demons of the Night ?
Strike yet his darting rays upon thy sight ?
Hear'st thou his voice, the sound of error's doom ?

The Morning come'h, lover of the Light ;
E'en now He gilds with gold the mountain's brow;
Dimly I see the path whereon e'en now
His shining feet are set toward the Night.

Darkness shall pass away, and all the things
That love the darkness, and that hate the Light
Shall disappear for ever with the Night:
Rejoice ! for thus the speeding Herald sings.

James Allan.

EXTRACTS.

Is it a Fair Fight.

THE Bureaucracy has at last commenced its attack on the so-called freedom of speech in India. Intolerance of free speech and writings is the sure index not only of unenlightened mediaevalism in the existing Government, but of its rottenness and instability. Our old Hindu regime allowed the utmost freedom of speech and Manu lays it down that when in a time of stress and trouble people take to speaking unpleasant things about the sovereign it is the height of folly on his part to stop their mouth by punishing the free expression of their feelings. Our ancient law-giver has not thought it necessary to support his dictum by reasons because its wisdom is obvious to the most ordinary common sense. The tendency towards repression in a government proceeds from a consciousness of instability or unsoundness in the foundation of its authority. If on the contrary the ruler is sure that his authority is based on a just title and exercised in the interests of the people, he will never be anxious to live in an air-tight compartment secure from the influence of any disturbing element. N just Government, no beneficent Empire can be overthrown by a compaign of misrepresentation, however extensive and well-organized.The logic of facts is always superior to any other logic. If the people have enough to eat, if they can clothe themselves decently, if they can walk in their own country with heads-erect, if they are not frequent victims to the highhandedness of the ruling class, if their comfort, convenience and self-respect are not interfered with in their homes and in their journeyings, if honest efforts are made by the rulers to prevent plague and famine or to bring about those conditions of general well-being which arm all well-administered countries against such visitations no eloquence or rhetoric can alienate the popular affection from such a beneficent administration. If the British people and their representatives, both in England and India, are so confident tha' their administration is the very best that can be given to India under the present circumstances, it is surprising that they should apprehend mischief from " enemies " against whom they are so well secured by the intrinsic merit of their rule.

Of course when Manu wrote he had in view the natural princes and rulers of "the people" whose authority was rooted in the soil and their existence a benefit and not a scourge to the countr . But the British claim that their rule is superior to any the country has ever known since the dawn of time, a natural substitute for the normal condition of liberty and a condition of things which is destined to perpetuate itself in nature. Such a rule can surely not be so loosely rooted that the " vapouring " of agitators can blow it out of the soil or the helplessness of an unarmed people endanger its security.

The natural and legitimate method by which a modern government meets sedition, is to present the strong defence of an impeccable administration to its attacks. If there are weak points, they must be so few or of such minor importance that even to the most ignorant eye or the most ill-informed understanding they will appear insignificant compared with the benevolent policy and beneficent working in the large, of the system assailed. If there is misrepresentation, the administration has its own organs of its own supporters who can meet the assailants with their own weapons in the press and on the platform. The agitator's eye may in a fine frenzy roll from earth to heaven, but it cannot discover anything there which does not exist ; or if it does, he can easily be convicted of falsehood or perversion of truth. Writing and speech are not the monopoly of agitators. If Surrendranath and Bepin Chandra can stump the mofussil, have not the Government their heaven-born and earth-born agents who can put their measures in the most attractive light and inculcate loyalty by their admonitions—if they cannot do it by their actions? If the *Bande Mataram*, *Patrika*, or *Bengalee* vex the soul of benevolent despotism by their writings, have not the bureaucracy such authoritative, able and reliable supporters as the *Pioneer*, the *Englishman* or the *Times of India* in English and the organs of their ally Salimullah in the vernacular to undo the mischief?

To meet the peaceful instruments of Press and platorm with imprisonment and persecution or with swords and guns, is a confession not merely of despotism but of weakness. It is a confession of guilt. To dethrone reason, wisdom, truth and justice and substitute brute force in their place is to appeal from the twentieth century to the Middle ages, to confess oneself a stumbling-block in the wayof human progress and an enemy of Heaven, and to array all the silent forces of civilisation, enlightenment and progress, the justice of Heaven and the sure working of irresstible nature in one formidable league to bring about one's ultimate downfall. When the ruler, beaten in the fair fight of argument, eloquence and reason, throws his sword into one scale, it will not be long before God throws His into the other. The purpose of the ages is not going to be frustrated by the Seditions Meetings Act or the destinies of the nations stopped in their inevitable march because Manchester cotton spinners want a

market for their wares. Prosecute free speech, deny the heart of a nation its utterance; but will you stop the fire of a volcano by covering over its crater? The fire is elemental and comes up from an inexhaustible reservoir of flames in the depths. The battle of freedom begins with the pen and the tongue, but its instruments do not end with these two; and when has the coercing of pen and tongue ever put an end to the battle? Men can be deported or subdued, but ideas cannot. The enemy of the despot is not a man, but the patriotic sentiment in men which is immortal and can neither be hanged nor doported. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, their inalienable rights, their claim that the Government should exist for them and by them, will always find an unfailing succession of exponents. Rulers have always forgotten this lesson of history in the intoxication of power but it is always they who have suffered for it. Men are born with instinct of freedom and they can never acquiesce [illegible] the loss of freedom, even if necessity has compe[illegible]em to forgo it for a while or guile or violence deprived them of it. Mo amount of coercion or repression will make them renounce the memory or avert their eyes from the vision. Coercion is rather the surest way to make them feel its loss and desire it with passion and with resolution. *Bande Mataram.*

NOTES POLITICAL AND GENERAL.

MR. NEVINSON'S VEHEMENT ATTACK OF GOVERNMENT.

THEIR METHODS ARE MEAN AND HORRIBLE AND DIRTY.

Mr. Nevinson at a mass meeting last evening, after condemning misrepresentations in the Anglo-Indian papers and the Governemnt repressive measures said, "Why is that everywhere I go I am shadowed by detectives? Is it because I am known to be a friend of India? Why is it that telegrams about me are kept till they are useless simply to inconvenience me? Why is it that letters for me are opened and torn up? Why is it that copies of my own paper, *Manchester Guardian*, are not allowed to reach me? Is it simply because I am known to be a friend of India, and *Manchester Guardian* is also known to be a friend of India? I have travelled far in Turkey and Russia, and I am accustomed to this sort of thing. But I do protest, in the name of my countrymen, that this kind of behaviour is un-English. It is mean and horrible and dirty. I know very well that I am not the only victim, but there are many leading men among you who suffer in the same way. The Government should not enter into these dirty paths. These things in time past have roused the whole of England. Only 50 or 60 years ago there was such a disturoance in England because a public man's letter was opened. The Government of that day was wrecked. [illegible] appeal to the English people; do not let these thin[illegible] [illegible] done in the name of the English Government."—

In the course of the same lecture Mr. Nevinson said that though he had not found sedition in its proper sense he had found a thing which was very much more interesting and important-he had found the awakening of a national consciousness. He had found a numerous movement wherever he had been in India, which showed that this great people had at last, or again, become conscious of its unity, its nationality, its right to assert a voice in the government of its own numbers. He had seen it in many forms. Anyone could see it at once in this great Swadeshi movement, which was to revive the great industries of India and to solve those great economic problems which had been the curse of the country for many years. Any one could see it in the Swadeshi and boycott movements for which the officials so successfully dissembled their love.

Mr. Nevinson then dwelt on the determination of the Indians to spread education among themselves on their own lines and for their own people—on their own lines not taking entirely the regulations laid down for them by an outside Government, but determining for themselves as a great nation should do: not rejecting Western education or knowledge, and especially not rejecting Western science, but still following lines that ought to be popular to a great nation like themselves, and not simply adopting what had been offered for other people far away from here. Again, he had seen a rising nationality in that formation of district and village associations which were devoted to various popular causes, and especially the cause of arbitration that would save all the expense and ruin and waste that the law courts gave them. He had seen it in these associations which went into the villages and attended to the sanitation, looked after the sick and arranged village matters. He had seen it in another from, which was held up to them in England, as the greatest danger immediately before their rule in England—he meant that athletic movement which had been called the volunteers. One of the few things that English people know about the Bengalis was that the latter could not fight. Now throughout Bengal he found the formation of athletic clubs for the exercise of the body and for the practice of what English people call single-stick. All these things tended to give young men strength and self-reliance, and yet he was told by the English press that this was sedition. They could not have it both ways. They could not complain of the Bengalis being "a flock of sheep," and immediately the Bengalis took to something else call it sedition. The Bengalis must absolutely disregard these attacks upon their athletic clubs, upon their efforts to develop self-reliance and manliness among the young. It was one of the most important and admirable signs he had seen of the national movement in India.

A LESSON IN SELF-RELIANCE.

Mr. Nevinson next stated that at various places he had said that one of the very few faults he had found

with the Indian character was the tendency to always fall down and worship the white man. It was a tendency that had grown up because of one of their finest virtues, their great politeness to strangers. They were apt to be polite, to receive a man so cordially that he thought they were servile. People who had been out here a long time looked for that servility as their right. Nothing could be more dangerous for the Englishmen who came out here, and nothing could be worse for Indians than that prostration before a man, whether he was good or bad, whether he was sympathetic or not sympathetic, because he had a red or a white face. He hoped he himself would always show reference to greatness, moral or intellectual, but he would show reverence to no other kind of greatness. That was a point which he thought was important for them to remember. It was above all important for all his countrymen to remember. Another thing he noticed among Indians was that they were too apt to look to government for everything. It was always the fault of people who were governed from above and had no responsibility in the Government—whose voice was never listened to,and who had been governed so long by what was called a kindly, paternal despotism that they had got to look up to Government as chidren look up to their father. That was a thing they would have to get rid off. They must no longer look to the Government. They must let it stand aside and say they might go and let the rulers govern as they liked.

"YOU ARE SUFFERING FOR YOUR VIRTUES."

Addressing a meeting of Indians at Cuttack, Mr. Henry W. Nevinson—who has been especially sent out to India as their correspondent by a few English newspapers—is reported to have said :—" Since coming to India I have found one fault with the people. You are suffering for your virtues. It seems to me that your excellence lies in overpoliteness. You are too apt to take things, as we call it 'lying down.' Stand up and meet a man face to face, and if you don't like a thing, tell him you don't like it, and don't pretend that you must receive it. I ask you for this not only for yourselves but for the sake of my countrymen. The treatment of over-politeness corrupts my people and they go back with a loss of manners. Corruption of my countrymen and loss of their manners are here predominant. Be not over-polite to them. I do not wish any one to be insolent but I wish you would not bow down to a higher authority if he be not superior to you in intellect and wisdom." Mr. Nevinson has only given expression to that democratic principle which built up the social system of India and which is always trodden under foot by Anglo-Indians who, intoxicated with overlordship, consider themselves superior to others and look upon the conquered country as their happy hunting ground. But we can assure Mr. Nevinson that the Indian no longer bow down before the "higher authority" simply because he happens to belong to a people who have been in India the authors of what the present Secretary of State for India has characterised as a "long train of intrigue and crime which had ended in the consolidation of a new empire." The Indian no longer considers the Englishman his superior and the instinct of Nationalism which is now guiding him in his struggle against adverse circumstances that such a thing as government of one people by another has no meaning or reality.

EGYPT.

The spirit of nationalism in Egypt is growing apace, and a correspondent who has apparently spent some time in that country and understands the people and their aspirations, sends a record of his observatio[ns to] an English paper. He says that the upper class [is] saturated with national feeling which is now spr[eading] to the lower and the great bulk of the populace. [He] states that nationalism in Egypt dates back to th[e time] of Arabi Pasha who organised the movement, [named] after him in the name of the native populatio[n] opposed to the Turco-Circassian element which do[mi]nated and oppressed it, in a larger sense, in the cau[se] of Egypt against Turkey. The British occupation ha[s] had the effect of not only uniting the different races [of] the country but of transforming opposition to Turkey into a strong sentiment of loyalty towards her, thus providing the Egyptians with a strong and new nationalist idea, *viz.*, emancipation from foreign control as represented by British tutelage but in no wise as represented by Turkish suzerainty which became intangible in the eyes of the native population under the influence of political and religious reaction as soon as Great Britain had set her foot in the valley of the Nile.

Industrial Progress.

The following facts show that Japan is a head [of] India in industrial progress. The number of joint stock companies in Japan is 5½ times larger and the total paid up capital is 3½ times greater than in India. Here the number of joint stock companies has doubled and the total paid-up capital has more than doubled in ten years from 1906 to 1005. Since October 1905 numerous joint stock companies have been projected, their nominal capital being larger than that of all the preceding joint stock companies. Although many of these new projects will soon cease to exist, and the capitals of others will be much curtailed, it gives us an idea of what industrial and economic forces are at work in Japan. It should be noted that these companies are all owned and managed by the Japanese themselves. The most important of the joint-stock companies here are banks, so much so that there are more banks in Japan than joint stock companies in the whole of India, and the paid-up capital of the Japanese Banks is much

larger than the paid up capital of all the joint stock companies in India. Next to the Banks the most important joint stock companies have hitherto been the Railways owned by private Companies. Their cost of construction is nearly equal to the paid up capital of all the stock Companies of India. The most important of these Railways will be purchased in ten years by the Japanese Government. The Indian Railways are 5½ times longer and 6 times costlier than the Japanese Railways, and are owned chiefly by the British Government and Native States; the number of passengers carried is, however, only twice as large as the number of passengers carried by the Japanese Railways which earn larger dividends than the Indian Railways. Next to Railways the most important joint stock companies are steamship Companies and Cotton Spinning Mills. The subsidies granted, by the Japanse Government to Japanese Steamer, amount to over two crores of Rupees per year. The Japanese Spinning Mill Companies are evidently not so important as other joint stock companies mentioned above. The capital invested in the Indian Cotton Mills is more than double the capital invested in the Japanese Spinning Mills. Even the Indian Jute Mills have a larger capital than the Japanese Spinning Mills. Next to the Spinning Mills come mining and metallurgical Companies and Insurance Companies, and then come in order Electirc Light Companies, Ship-building Companies, Petroleum-boring Companies, Paper Mills, Gas Companies, Coal Minning Companies, etc., The capital invested in the Japanese Paper mills is more than double the capital invested in the Indian Paper Mills, but the former are generally smaller than the latter; however there is one Japanese paper mill (... Paper Mill) which has a larger capital than that of all the Indian Paper Mills combined. The capital invested in the Indian Coal Mining Companies is more than double the capital invested in the Japanese Coal Mining Companies, but the total out-put of the Japanese Coal Mines is much larger than the total output of the Indian Coal Mines.

* * *

Mr. H. Mc. Pherson, Collector of Monghyr, reports an interesting economic development in that District during the past year. He tells us that the Director of the Peninsular Tobacco Company, which has factories at Karachi has decided to erect factories in Monghyr, and already the necessary land has been acquired, and the agents of the company have begun to collect tobacco leaf from far and wide. It is understood that in process of time when factories have been erected and work is in full swing there will be over a thousand workmen employed in the business of tobacco-curing under the supervision of several trained European experts. The advantages which the town and the district are likely to derive from the factories cannot yet be fully estimated, but will no doubt be immense. The new industry will increase the importance of Monghyr as a manufacturing and trading centre, there will be a considerable addition to the demand for labour, and the cultivators of the plant will get better prices for their crops and be stimulated to improve its quality, for it is only the better forms of the leaf that are bought up by the Company's agents. Tobacco is at present grown over 12,000 acres of land, mainly in Beguserai, and the area may be expected to considerably increase in the near future. The Company will manufacture chiefly cigarettes and pipe tobacco; and as the idea is to prepare cheap cigarettes for the million, the growth of the habit of cigarette smoking which has already taken hold of large sections of the population is likely to be much fostered. Those who regard the habit of cigarette smoking as a vice may find cause for lament in this economic development, but that it will contribute much to the meterial prosperity of the Monghyr town and district cannot well be doubted.

* * *

Thus said the Irish Nationalist Lalor:—For years we have seen men in Ireland alternately trading on the gevernment and trading on the country, and making money by both; and you do not imagine, perhaps, to what degree the public mind has been affected with a feeling of suspicion by the circumstance—a feeling deepened, extended and justified by all we see or know of ourselves. For, indeed, the craving to get money—the niggard reluctance to give money—the coward fear of losing or laying out money—is the bad and coarse point that is most apparent in the character of all ranks and classes of our people; and I often fear it argues an utter absence of all heroism from our national temperament, and of all the romantic passions whether public or private. In other countries men marry for love: in Ireland they marry for money. Elsewhere they serve their country for their country's thanks or their country's tears—here they do it for their country's money. At this very time, when Ireland, to all appearence, is stripping for her last struggle on this side of ages, there are, I am convinced, many persons among the middle classes who refuse to fall into the national march, or countenance the national movement, merely from the hope of obtaining some petty government place, or from the fear of losing some beggarly employment or emolument; and I know myself in this country many and many a sturdy comfortable farmer who refuses to furnish himself with a pike, merely and solely because it would cost two shillings. For ourselves—I say nothing of others—let us aim at better rewards than mere money rewards. Better and higher rewards has Ireland in her hands. If we succeed, we shall obtain these; and if we do not succeed we shall deserve none. In cases like this, the greatest crime that man can commit is the crime of failure.

(Continued from Page 2 of the Cover.)

to be emphatically against it. But who can be sure that, if Belgium does not annex it, some other powerful nation will not set up a rule which may prove to be worse in every way? Some competent critics observe that in many cases agitations got up against misrule in countries inhabited by colored men are done so for reasons which will not stand a minute's examination. They are said to be dictated by unadulterated Jingoism and selfishness cloaked unber the guise of humanitarianism. Be that as it may, reports of cruelty and oppression of the natives of Congo are blood-curdling in their nature. They go to painfully remind us of the hollowness of the so-called civilization, its base materialism and its imperfect emergence from a state of savagery. A missionary gentleman, Rev. W. Casie Murdoch, who has set himself the task of extending Christ's Kingdom in Upper Congo describes, in amazingly plain language, the evidence he obtained in Congo as showing that 'the boasted reforms are a force, and were never intended for anything but Europedn consumption.' Of the inhuman cruelty and torture by State servants, he says:—"I heard stories of the raids made by the State soldiers. The number of people they shot or otherwise tortured to death must have been numerous, and perhaps as many more of those who escaped the rifle died from starvation and exposure." The so-called rubber tax is said to be a cruel burden on the natives. This tax entails a labour of from 20 to 25 days a month on the natives, and they have to travel 300 miles to collect this rubber. Immediate imprisonment is the reward for failure to return with the prescribed quantity. Each man must produce monthly five pounds of rubber, which involves him in 25 days' labour and innumerable hardships. He would thus produce 60 pounds of rubber per annum (involving 300 days' labour), of a selling value in Antwerp of £12, in exchange for six fathoms of cloth of a total value of 7s. 6d. Of his impressions of what he saw during the journey, Mr. Murdoch says that the whole system of government "is a vast atrocity, involving the people in a state of unimaginable misery. It is not slavery as slavery was generally understood; it is not even the uncivilised African's idea of slavery. There never was a slavery more absolute in its despotism or more fiendish in its tyranny."

"I WOULD RATHER BE SHOT."

"If I lose my honour I lose myself" is the spirit which is now stirring the Asiatics all over the world. The Johannesburg correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has given a very interesting and hopeful account of the progress of the Passive Resistance Movement of the Indians in the Transvaal. There we have been told that the Indians have refused to register because they consider it "humiliating and degrading." One of them is reported to have said "the Government can do what it likes with us, we will not register. We are not criminals but law-abiding subjects. To be compelled to register and give the impressions of our fingers is humiliating and degrading. Rather than submit, we will make any sacrifice, undergo any penalty. *I would rather be shot on this square.* We have to disclose the names of our mothers, and that as Mahomedans we are forbidden to do." We have never heard such an eloquent and spirited utterance. Every sentence breathes the spirit of a man. When the body contains a spirit, a kingdom for it is too small a bound. But without it two paces of the vilest earth is room enough for it. It is the lack of this spirit which has reduced the Indians to mere dirt under the feet. And now that the spirit is once more animating them there is every hope of their resurgence as a nation. Let our so-called educated countrymen take a leaf out of the book of these Transvaal Indians and learn their duties in the present crisis. The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has further told us what this abstention from registration means to the p[illegible]ians who have embraced exile simply for eking out a bare livelihood. They live from hand-to-mouth but starvation in preference to dishonour is the spirit which actuates them in the present hour. Where is the patriotic Ind[illegible] who can help being thrilled by a sense of pride as [illegible] comes across the following passage in the account i[illegible] question?

"That the movement has been carefully organized goe[s] without saying. The chief picket is an old soldier wh[o] served in the Chitral and Tirah campaigns, whos[e] breast is covered with ribbons, and who came to the Transvaal as Jamedar of the Transport Corps. He ha[s] numerous willing assistants, storekeepers, who have lef[t] their shops to do duty on the square, hawkers who hav[e] given up their daily round for the time being, employees who have everything to lose through non-compliance with the law.

"All of them, in short, are risking their livelihoods and facing the possibilities of gaol and deportation. Yo[u] speak to the nearest picket, and he sums up the attitu[de] of the Indian community in very few words. He [illegible] the executive of the British Indian Association, which has created and directed the agitation, and is therefore a member of the inner ring.

"Their method of picketting also reflects the calm, unaggressive and spiritual strength of the Oriental. With us physical activities may be banned but the soul is wide awake and communicates its silent and unobtrusive message of self-assertion without the intervention of the body."

This is what the *Pall Mall* correspondent says about the method of picketting adopted by the Indians.

There is no fuss, no attempt at physical persuasion, not the slightest breach of the peace, and a total absence of impediment to traffic. The pickets merely wait patien[t]ly day by day, with eyes fixed upon the old church, ready to bring whole batteries of "moral suasion" to bear upon the Asiaic who wishes to register.

Is the Surat Congress to be beaten hollow by the Transvaal Indians on political wisdom and manliness?

Dr. Otto Schrader.

The great German scholar of Sanskrit and Pali Literature, while reviewing an important Indian work in the Theosophist, said as follows:—

"If it is only now that we decide to speak on this book, it is because we meant to give a detailed review of it. But this has indeed proved impracticable, first of all because this book as a whole, is really beyond criticism; and also because of the too great variety of its contents. The author, a Madras B. A., with an extraordinary knowledge of English literature, was the Editor of the *PRABUDDHA BHARATA* during two years of its existence (1896-98). Besides that he was little known, owing to his professed predilection for a quite, inward life. A constant and ardent longing for Truth governed his life, and he always found what he was looking for, partly with the help of his great Guru, the Swami Sri Santananda Sarasvati (a very fine picture [illegible] whom is enclosed in the book), in that great religion [illegible]peace, the Advaita of the Upanishads and Sri Sankara[illegible]rya's, and in its supplement, the Yoga. The present [illegible]k c[illegible]s more than a hundred articles, large or [illegible]all, [illegible] philosophical subjects which have been [illegible]llect[illegible] and edited after the early death of their author, [illegible]y a group of his friends. These discussions are by no [illegible]eans one-sidedly Vedantic but take into account and [illegible]ften start from Western philosophy. They are [illegible]efreshing and instructive to the utmost degree without [illegible]n exception. There are some particulars which perhaps [illegible]ay not be accepted by every body but as a whole I [illegible]epeat it, the work is *classical*, i. e., a real treasure not [illegible]nly for this but for all coming time. India has every [illegible]eason to be proud of this work which, if I am allowed to choose such a comparison, may be favourably compared at least in many respects to the Parerga and Paralipomena of the great Schopenhauer. This work which, as far as I know more than any other book written in a European language, is permeated throughout by the spirit of true, genuine Vedanta, should constantly be at the hand of every lover of Indian religion."

And what do you think was the work about [illegible]ich he wrote so appreciatively. It is the *[illegible]bles in the Vedanta*—a bulky volume of [illegible] pages containing collections of the writ[illegible]s of that Gifted Soul the late B. R. Rajam [illegible]yar,—a mine of information on all intricate questions of Vedantic Philosophy and a most useful and interesting guide in the first steps towards the practical realisation of the Vedantic ideal. It should be in the hands of every lover of Indian spirituality.

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